



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

III.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

IN obedience to orders, I marched my brigade to New Market, on May 21, 1862, and sought Jackson, whom I had never met. This officer by no means held the place in public estimation he subsequently attained. His march on Romney in the previous winter had resulted in nothing except to freeze and discontent his troops. This discontent was shared and expressed by the Government at Richmond, and Jackson resigned. The influence of Colonel Alek Boteler, seconded by that of the Governor of Virginia (Letcher), alone induced him to withdraw his resignation.

A figure, perched on the topmost rail of a fence, overlooking the road and field, was pointed out as Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank; then waited for a response. Before this came, I had time to see a pair of cavalry-boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap, with visor drawn low, a heavy, dark beard, and weary eyes—eyes I afterward saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the distance and road marched that day.

“Six-and-twenty miles—Keazletown road.”

“You seem to have no stragglers?”

“Never allow stragglers.”

“You must teach my people. They straggle badly.”

A bow in reply. Just then, my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, “Thoughtless fellows for serious work” came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gayety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons “no fellow could find out,” but he was rarely without one. To live twelve miles from that fruit would

have disturbed him as much as it did the witty dean. Quite late that night, General Jackson came to my camp-fire, where he remained some hours. He said we would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, and then remained silent. If silence be golden, he was a "bonanza." He sucked lemons, ate hard-tack, and drank water, and, I imagine, his idea of the "whole duty of man" was—praying and fighting.

In the gray of the morning, as I was forming my column on the pike, Jackson appeared and gave the route north, which, from the situation of its camp, put my brigade in advance of the army. After moving some little time in this direction, the head of the column was turned short to the east, and took the road to Luray over Massanutten Gap. Jackson rode with me during the day. From time to time, a courier would gallop up, report and return toward Luray. Scarcely a word was spoken on the march. An ungraceful horseman, mounted on a sorry chestnut with a shambling gait, his huge feet, with out-turned toes, thrust into the stirrups, and such parts of his countenance as the low visor of his shocking cap failed to conceal wearing a wooden look, our new commander was not prepossessing. That night, we crossed the east branch of the Shenandoah, on a bridge near Luray, and camped near the stream. Here, after three long marches, we were but a short distance below the bridge at Conrad's Store—a point we had left several days before. I began to think that Jackson was a concealed, perhaps unconscious poet, and, as an ardent lover of Nature, desired to give strangers an opportunity to admire the beauties of his Valley. It seemed hard lines to be wandering, like sentimental travelers, about the country instead of gaining "kudos" on the Peninsula.

Off the next morning, my command still in advance, and Jackson riding with me. The road ran north between the east bank of the river and the western base of Blue Ridge. Rain had fallen and softened it, so that the wagon-trains in the rear were delayed. Not long after mid-day we reached a wood extending from the mountain to the river. Just here, a mounted officer from the rear called Jackson's attention, who rode back with him. A moment later, there rushed out of the wood to meet us a young, rather well-looking woman—afterward

widely known as Belle Boyd. Breathless with speed and agitation, some little time elapsed before she found her voice. Then, with much volubility, she said we were near Front Royal—beyond the wood—that the town was filled with Federals, whose camp was on the west side of the river, where they had guns in position to cover the wagon-bridge, but none bearing on the railway-bridge below the former; that the Federals were ignorant of our approach, and believed that Jackson was west of Massanutten—near New Market and Harrisonburg; that General Banks, the Federal commander, was at Winchester, twenty miles northwest of Front Royal, where he was slowly concentrating his widely-scattered forces to meet Jackson's advance, which was expected some days later. All this she told with the precision of a staff-officer making a report, and it was true to the letter. Jackson was possessed of these facts before he left New Market, and based his movements on them, but, as he never told anything, it was news to me, and gave me an idea of the strategic value of Massanutten, pointed out, indeed, by Washington before the Revolution. There also dawned on me quite another view of our leader than the one from which I had been regarding him for two days past. Convinced of the correctness of the woman's statements, I hurried forward at "a double," hoping to surprise the enemy's idlers in the town, or swarm over the wagon-bridge with them and secure it. Doubtless this was rash, but I was immensely "cocky" about my brigade, and believed it would prove equal to any demand. Before we had cleared the wood, Jackson came galloping from the rear, followed by a company of horse. Halting, he ordered me to deploy my leading regiment as skirmishers on both sides of the road, and continue the advance—then passed on. We speedily came in sight of Front Royal. The enemy had taken the alarm, and his men were skurrying across the upper bridge to their camp, where troops could be seen forming. The situation of the village is surpassingly beautiful. It lies near the east bank of the Shenandoah, which just below unites all its waters, and looks directly on the northern peaks of Massanutten. Blue Ridge, with Manassas Gap—through which passes the railway—overhangs on the east, distant Alleghany bounds the horizon to the west, and down the Shenandoah the eye wanders over a fertile,

well-farmed country. Two bridges spanned the river—a road or wagon bridge above, a railway some yards lower down. A fine pike led to Winchester, twenty miles. Another followed the river north, and from this many cross-roads united with the Valley pike at Winchester, and north and south of that place. The river, swollen by rain, was deep and turbulent, with strong current. The Federals were posted on the west bank—here somewhat higher than the opposite—and a short distance above the junction of waters, with batteries bearing more especially on the upper bridge. Under instructions, my brigade was drawn up in line, a little retired from the river, but overlooking it, the Federals and their guns in full view. So far, not a shot had been fired. I rode down to the river's brink to get a better look at the enemy through a field-glass, when my horse, heated by the march, stepped into the water to drink. Instantly a brisk fire was opened on me, bullets striking all around, and raising a little shower-bath. Like many a foolish fellow, I found it easier to get into than out of a difficulty. I had not yet led my command into action, and remembering that one must "strut" one's little part on the stage to the best advantage, sat my horse with all the composure I could muster. A provident camel, on the eve of a desert-journey, would not have laid in a greater supply of water than did my thoughtless beast. At last, he raised his head, looked placidly around, turned, and walked up the bank. This little incident was not without value, for my men welcomed me with a sudden cheer, upon which, as if in response, the enemy's guns opened, and having the range, inflicted some loss on my line. We had no guns up to reply, and in advance, as has been mentioned, had outmarched the troops behind us. Motionless as a statue, Jackson sat his horse some few yards away, and seemed lost in thought. Perhaps the circumstances mentioned some lines back had obscured his star. If so, a few short hours swept away the cloud, and it blazed, like Sirius, over the land. I approached him with the suggestion that the railway-bridge might be crossed by stepping on the cross-ties, as the enemy's guns bore less directly on it than on the upper bridge. He nodded approval. The Eighth Louisiana was on the right of my line, near at hand. Dismounting, Colonel Kelley led his regiment across, under a sharp musketry-fire. Several men fell, to dis-

appear in the dark water beneath ; but the movement continued with great rapidity, considering the difficulty of walking on ties, and Kelley, with his leading files, gained the shore ; whereupon the enemy fired combustibles previously placed near the centre of the upper bridge. The loss of this structure would have seriously delayed us, as the railway-bridge was not floored ; and I looked at Jackson, who was near by, watching Kelley's progress. He nodded at me again, and my command rushed at the bridge. Concealed by the cloud of smoke, the suddenness of the movement saved us from much loss, but it was rather a near thing. My horse and clothing were scorched, and some of the men burned their hands severely throwing brands into the river. We were soon over, and the enemy in full flight to Winchester, with the loss of camp, some guns, and prisoners. Just as I emerged from flames and smoke, Jackson was by my side. How he got there was a mystery, as the bridge was thronged with my men, going at "a double ;" but I remember thinking his costume was improved by fire. We followed the enemy on the Winchester road, but to little purpose, as we had few cavalry over the river. Carried away by his ardor, my commissary, Major Davis, gathered a score of mounted orderlies and couriers, and followed on the track. A volley from the enemy's rear-guard laid him low on the road, shot through the head. We buried him in a field near the place of his fall. He was much beloved by the command, and many gathered quietly around the grave. As there was no chaplain at hand, I repeated such portions of the service for the dead as a long neglect of pious things enabled me to recall.

Late in the night Jackson came out of the darkness and seated himself by my fire. He mentioned that I would move with him at dawn, then relapsed into silence. I fancied he looked at me kindly, and interpreted this into an approval of the conduct of my brigade. The events of the day, anticipations of the morrow, the death of Davis, drove away sleep, and I watched Jackson. For hours he sat silent and motionless, with eyes fixed on the fire. I took up the idea that he was inwardly praying, and he continued throughout the night.

Off in the morning—Jackson leading the way—my brigade, a small body of horse, and a section of the Rockbridge (Virginia) Artillery, forming the column. I directed Major Wheat, with

his battalion of "Tigers," to keep close to the guns. Sturdy marchers, they trotted along with the horse and artillery at Jackson's heels, and, after several hours, were some distance in advance of the infantry, with which I remained. A volley in front, followed by wild cheers, stirred us up to a double, and we speedily came upon a moving spectacle. Jackson had struck the Valley pike at Middletown—twelve miles south of Winchester—along which a large body of Federal cavalry, with many wagons, was hastening north. He had attacked at once with his handful of men, overwhelmed resistance, and captured prisoners and wagons.

The gentle "Tigers" were looting right merrily, diving in and out of wagons with the activity of rabbits in a warren—an occupation abandoned on my approach—and, in a moment, they were in line, looking as solemn and virtuous as deacons at a funeral. Prisoners and spoils were promptly secured.

The cavalry was from New England—a section in which horsemanship was an unknown art—and some of these centaurs were strapped to their steeds. Ordered to dismount, they explained their condition, and were given time to unbuckle. Many breastplates and other protective devices were seen here, and later at Winchester. We did not know whether the Federals had organized cuirassiers, or were recurring to the customs of Gustavus Adolphus. I saw a poor fellow lying dead on the pike, pierced through breastplate and body by a rifle-ball. Iron-clad men are of small account before modern rifles. A part of the enemy's column had passed north before Jackson reached the pike, and this, with his mounted men, he pursued. Something more than a mile to the south, a road left the pike and led directly west, where the Federal General Fremont, of whom we shall hear more, commanded the "Mountain Department."

Attacked in front as described, a body of Federals—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—with some wagons, took this road; and, after moving a short distance, drew up on a crest with unlimbered guns. Their number was unknown, and for a moment they looked threatening. The brigade was rapidly formed, and marched straight upon them, when their guns opened with effect. A shell knocked over eight men of the Seventh Louisiana. Another, as I rode forward to an eminence to get a view, struck the ground under my horse and exploded. The saddle-

cloth on both sides was torn away, and I and Adjutant Surget, who was just behind me, were nearly smothered by earth; but neither man nor horse received a scratch. The enemy soon limbered up and fled west. By some well-directed shots, as they crossed a hill, the Virginia guns with us sent wagons flying in the air, and produced a *scatteration*. With this P. P. C. we left them to wing their flight to the west, and turned north down the pike. At dusk we overtook Jackson, pushing the enemy with his little mounted force—himself in advance of all. I rode with him, and we kept on through the darkness. At no time was there resistance enough to deploy infantry. A flash, a report, and a whistling bullet from some covert met us, but there were few casualties. I quite remember thinking at the time that Jackson was invulnerable, and that persons near him shared that quality. An officer, riding hard, overtook us, who proved to be the quartermaster of the army. He reported the wagon-trains far behind, impeded by bad road in Luray Valley.

“The ammunition-wagons?” (sternly).

“All right, sir. They were in advance, and I doubled teams on them and brought them through.”

“Ah!” (in a tone of relief).

To give countenance to this quartermaster, if such can be given of a dark night, I remarked, jocosely: “Never mind the wagons. There are quantities of stores in Winchester, and the general has invited us to breakfast to-morrow.”

Jackson, who had no more capacity for jests than a Scotchman, took this seriously, and reached out and touched me on the arm. In fact, he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his unconsciousness of jokes was “*de race*.” Without physical wants himself, he never remembered that others were differently constituted, and paid little heed to the commissariat; but woe to the man who failed to bring up ammunition! In advance, his trains were left far behind; in retreat, he would fight for a wheelbarrow. Some time after midnight, by roads more direct from Front Royal, other troops came on to the pike, and I halted my jaded people on the side of the road, where they built fires, and took a turn at their haversacks. Moving with the first light of morning, we came to Kernstown, three miles south of Winchester, and the scene of Jackson’s fight with Shields. Here heavy

and sustained firing—artillery and small-arms—was heard. A staff-officer approached at full speed to summon me to Jackson's presence and move up my command. A gallop of a mile or more brought me to him. Winchester was in sight, a mile to the north. To the east, Ewell, with a large part of the army, was fighting briskly, and driving the enemy on to the town. On the left a high ridge, overlooking the country to the south and southeast, was occupied by a heavy mass of Federals with guns in position. Jackson was on the pike, and near him were several regiments lying down for shelter, as the fire from the ridge was heavy and searching.

A Virginia battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, was fighting at a great disadvantage, and already much cut up. Jackson, impassive as ever, pointed to the ridge, and said, "You must carry it." I replied that my command would be up by the time I could inspect the ground, and rode to the left for that purpose. A small stream, Abraham's Creek, flowed from the west through the little valley at the southern base of the ridge. The ascent was steep, though nowhere abrupt. At one point a broad, shallow, trough-like depression broke the surface, which was further interrupted by some low copse, outcropping stone, and two fences. On the summit the Federal lines were posted behind a stone-wall, and along a road coming west from the pike. Worn somewhat into the soil, this road served as a countersink, and strengthened the position. Farther west there was a break in the ridge. This was occupied by a body of cavalry—the extreme right of the line. There was scarcely time to mark these features before the head of my column appeared, when it was filed to the left, close to the base of the ridge, for protection from the plunging fire. Meanwhile, the "Rockbridge" battery held on manfully, and engaged the enemy's attention. Riding on the flank of my column, between it and the enemy, I saw Jackson beside me. This was not the place for the commander of the army, and I ventured to tell him so; but he paid no attention to the remark. We reached the shallow depression spoken of, where the enemy could depress his guns, and his fire became close and fatal. Many men fell, and the whistling of shot and shell occasioned much ducking of heads in the column. This annoyed me not a little, as it was but child's play to the work immediately in hand. Always an admirer of

delightful Uncle Toby, I had contracted the most villainous habit of his beloved army in Flanders, and, forgetful of Jackson's presence, ripped out: "What the h—are you dodging for? If there is any more of it, you will be halted under this fire for an hour!" The sharp tones of a familiar voice produced the desired effect, and the men looked as if they had swallowed ramrods; but I shall never forget the look of reproachful surprise on Jackson's face. He placed his hand on my shoulder, said, in a gentle voice, "I am afraid you are a wicked fellow," then turned and rode back to the picket.

The proper ground gained, the column faced to the front and began the ascent. At the moment the sun rose over Blue Ridge without cloud or mist to obscure his rays. It was a lovely Sabbath morning, the 25th of May, 1862. The clear, pure atmosphere brought Blue Ridge and Alleghany and Massanutten almost overhead. Even the clouds of murderous smoke from the guns above made beautiful spirals in the air, and the broad fields of luxuriant wheat glistened with dew. It is remarkable how one's attention may be fixed by some insignificant object, as mine was by the flight past the line of a bluebird, one of the brightest-plumaged of our feathered tribe, bearing a worm in his beak—breakfast for his callow brood. Birdie had been on the war-path, and was carrying home spoil. As we mounted, we came in full view of the army, whose efforts in other quarters had been slackened to await the result of our movement, and I felt an anxiety amounting to pain for the brigade to acquit itself handsomely, and this feeling was shared by every man in it.

About half-way up, the enemy's cavalry from his right charged. I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls, Eighth Louisiana, whose regiment was on the left of the line, to withdraw slightly his two flank-companies and receive them with a volley. While listening to the order, Nicholls was severely hit, but executed it before pain and loss of blood forced him to quit the field. With some emptied saddles, the cavalry fled. Progress was not stayed by this incident. Closing the many gaps made by the fierce fire, steadied the rather by it, and preserving an alignment that would have been creditable on parade, the line, with cadenced step and eyes on the foe, swept grandly over copse and ledge and fence, to crown the heights from which the

enemy had melted away. Loud cheers went up from the army, prolonged to the east, where warm-hearted Ewell cheered himself hoarse, and led forward his men with renewed energy. In truth, it was a superb feat of arms, worthy the pen of him who immortalized the charge of the "Bufs" at Albuera. Breaking into column, we pursued closely. Jackson came up and grasped my hand—worth a thousand words from another—and we were soon in the streets of Winchester, a quaint old town of some five thousand inhabitants. There was a little fighting in the streets, but the people were all abroad—certainly all the women and babies. They were frantic with delight, only regretting that so many "Yankees" had escaped, and seriously impeded our movements. A buxom, comely dame, of some five-and-thirty summers, with bright eyes and tight ankles, and conscious of these advantages, was especially demonstrative, exclaiming, "Oh! you are too late—too late!" whereupon a tall creole from the Teche sprang from the ranks of the Eighth Louisiana, just passing, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a sounding kiss on her ripe lips, with "Madame, je n'arrive jamais trop tard!" A loud laugh went up, and the dame, with a rosy face, but merry twinkle in her eye, escaped. Past the town, we could see the enemy flying north on the Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg roads. Cavalry, of which there was a considerable force with the army, might have reaped a rich harvest, but none came forward. Raised in the adjoining region, our troopers were gossiping with their friends, or worse, perhaps, they thought the war was over. Jackson joined me, and, in response to my question, "Where is the cavalry?" glowered, and was silent. After pursuing for several miles, finding we were doing no good, as indeed infantry, preserving its organization, cannot hope to overtake a flying enemy, I turned into the fields and camped.

The headquarters and depot of all the Federal forces in the Valley, Winchester was filled with stores. Prisoners, guns, and wagons, in large numbers, fell into our hands. Of especial value were ordnance and medical supplies. The subsequent occupation of Martinsburg added to the spoil. The following day my command was moved ten or twelve miles north on the pike leading by Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, and, after a day, some miles east toward the Shenandoah—this in consequence of the opera-

tions of the Federal General Shields, who, in command of a considerable force on the east of Blue Ridge, passed Manassas Gap, and drove from Front Royal a regiment of Georgians left there by Jackson.

Meanwhile, a part of the army was pushed forward to Martinsburg and beyond, as stated, while another part threatened and shelled Harper's Ferry. Jackson himself was engaged in forwarding captured stores to Staunton. On Saturday morning, 31st of May, I received orders to move through Winchester, clear the town of stragglers, and continue to Strasburg. Three days' rations were prepared for haversacks, and the brigade marched. But few stragglers were found in Winchester, from which the wounded and sick, except extreme cases, had been taken. We reached camp at Strasburg after dark—a march of five-and-thirty miles—weather very warm. Winder, with his brigade, came in later after a longer march from the direction of Harper's Ferry. Jackson sat some time at my camp-fire that night, and was more communicative than I ever remember him before or after. He said Fremont, with a large force, was three miles west of our present camp, and must be defeated in the morning. Shields was moving up Luray Valley, and might cross Massanutten to New Market, or continue south until he turned the mountain, and fall on our trains near Harrisonburg. The importance of pushing forward the immense trains, filled with captured stores, was great, and would engage much of his personal attention; and the army, under Ewell's direction, must deal promptly with Fremont. This he told with a low, gentle voice, and with many interruptions, to afford time, as I thought and believe, for inward prayer. The men said his anxiety for the wagons was because of the lemons among the stores!

Dawn of the following day (Sunday) was ushered in by the sound of Fremont's guns. Our lines had been early drawn out to meet him, and skirmishers pushed to the front to attack. Much cannonading, with some rattle of small-arms, ensued. The country was densely wooded, and little, save the smoke of the enemy's guns, could be seen. My brigade was in reserve, a short distance to the rear, and out of the line of fire.

Cannonading, without much effect, continued. Ewell summoned me to his presence, directing my brigade to remain in

position till further orders. Jackson, busy with his trains, was not at the moment on the field, which he visited several times during the engagement, but I did not happen to see him. To reach Ewell, it was necessary to pass under some heavy shelling, and I found myself open to the reproach visited previously on my men. Whether from fatigue, loss of sleep, or what not, there I was, nervous as a lady, ducking like a mandarin. It was disgusting, and, hoping no one saw me, I determined to take it out of myself. There is a story related of Turenne—the greatest soldier of the Bourbons—which, if not true, is “*ben trovato*.” Of a nervous temperament, his legs, on the eve of an action, trembled to such an extent as to make it difficult to mount his horse. Looking at them contemptuously, he said, “If you could foresee the danger into which I am going to take you, you would tremble more.” It was with a similar feeling, not only for my legs, but for my wretched carcass, that I reached Ewell and told him I was no more good than a frightened deer. He laughed, and replied: “Nonsense! ’Tis your servant’s strong coffee—better give it up. Remain here in charge, while I go out to the skirmishers. I can’t make out what these people are about. My skirmish-line has stopped them. They won’t advance, but stay out there in the woods, making a great fuss with their guns, and I don’t wish to commit myself to much advance while Jackson is absent.” With this, he put spurs to his horse and was off. Soon a brisk fusillade, which seemed gradually to recede, was heard. During Ewell’s absence, I did contrive, surrounded by his staff, to sit my horse respectably. It appeared to me an hour, though not more than a fourth of that time, before his return, when he said: “I am completely puzzled. I have just driven everything back to the main body, which is large. Dense wood everywhere. Jackson told me not to *commit myself* too far. At this rate my attentions are not likely to become serious enough to *commit* anybody. I wish Jackson were here himself!” I suggested that my brigade might be moved to the extreme right, near the Capon road, by which Fremont had marched, and attempt to strike that road, which would enable us to find out something. He replied: “Do so. That may stir them up. I am sick of this fiddling about.” Had Ewell been in supreme command he would have “pitched in” long before, but he was

controlled by Jackson's instructions not to be drawn too far from the pike.

We found the right of our line held by (I think) a Mississippi regiment. The colonel told me he had advanced just before and driven the enemy. Several of his men were wounded, and he was bleeding profusely from a "hit" in the leg, which he was engaged in tying with a handkerchief as I reached him, remarking that "it did not pester him much." Learning our purpose, he was eager to go in with us, and was not at all pleased to hear that I declined to change General Ewell's dispositions. A plucky fellow, this colonel, and I regret that his name, if ever known to me, cannot be recalled.

The brigade moved forward until the enemy was reached, when, wheeling to the left, it walked down his line. The expression is used advisedly, for it was nothing but a "walk-over." Sheep would have made as much resistance as we met. Men decamped without firing, or threw down their arms and surrendered. It was so easy that I began to think of traps. At length we got under fire from our skirmishers, and suffered some casualties—the only ones received in the movement. Our whole skirmish-line was advancing briskly as the Federals retired. I sought Ewell and reported. We had a fine game before us, and the temptation to play it was great, but Jackson's orders were imperative and wise. He had his stores to save, Shields to dispose of, Lee's grand strategy to promote; and all this he accomplished—alarms Washington, fastening McDowell's strong corps at Fredericksburg, and preventing its junction with McClellan, on whose right flank he threw himself at Cold Harbor. He could not waste time chasing Fremont; but we, who looked from a lower standpoint, grumbled and shared the men's opinions about the *lemon-wagons*.

The prisoners taken in our "promenade" were Germans—speaking no English—and we had a similar experience a few days later. In the Federal army was a German corps—the Eleventh—commanded by General O. O. Howard, and this corps was, on both sides, called "The Flying Dutchmen." Since the time of Arminius, the Germans have been a brave people. To-day, in military renown, they lead the van of the nations; but they require a cause and leaders. In our Revolutionary

struggle, the Hessians were unfortunate at Bennington and Saratoga, Trenton and Princeton. We have many millions of German citizens, and excellent citizens they are. Let us hope the above facts may be commended to them, so that their ways may be ways of peace in their adopted land.

Though the movement along the enemy's line, as described, was successful, it was rash and foolish. Fremont had troops which, had they been in the place of these Germans (without interest or officers), would have made us pass one of Rabelais's unpleasant quarters of an hour. Alarm at my own nervous timidity occasioned it—proving weak nerves to be the source of rash action. Fremont made no further sign, and, as the day declined, the army was recalled to the pike, and marched south. Jackson, in person, gave me instructions to draw up my brigade, facing west, on some hills above the pike, and distant from it several hundred yards, where I was to remain. He said the road was crowded, and he wanted time to clear it; that Fremont was safe for the night, and our cavalry toward Winchester reported Banks returned to that place from the Potomac, but not likely to move south before the following day—then rode off, and so quickly as to give me no time to inquire how long I was to remain, or if the cavalry would advise me in the event Banks changed his purpose. This was near sunset. By the time the command was in position darkness fell upon us. No fires were allowed; and, stacking arms, the men rested, munching cold rations from their haversacks. It was their first opportunity for a bite since early morning. I threw myself on the ground, and tried in vain to sleep. No sound could be heard, save the clattering of hoofs on the pike, which, as the night wore on, became constant. Hour after hour passed, when, thinking I heard firing to the north, I mounted, and looked for the pike. The darkness was so intense that I could not have found it but for the whiteness of the limestone. Some mounted men were passing, whom I halted to question. They said their command had passed south to rejoin the army, and, supposed, had missed me in the dark, but there was a squadron behind near the enemy's advance, which—a large cavalry force—had moved from Winchester at an early period of the day, and driven our people south. This was pleasant! Winder's

brigade—the last to move—had marched at least four hours since, so that a wide interval existed between us. More firing, near and distinct, was heard, and the command ordered down to the pike, which it reached after much stumbling and swearing, and some confusion. Fortunately, the battery, Captain Bowyer, had been sent forward, at dusk, to get forage, and an orderly was dispatched to put it on the march. The Sixth Louisiana (Irish) was in rear, and I took two companies for a rear-guard. The column had scarcely got into motion before a party of horse rushed through the guard, knocking down several men, one of whom was severely bruised. There was a little pistol-shooting and sabre-hacking, and for some minutes “things were rather mixed.” The enemy’s cavalry had charged ours, and driven it in on the infantry. One Federal was captured. His horse was given to the bruised man, who congratulated the rider on his “*promotion* to a respectable service.” I dismounted, gave my servant my horse to lead, and marched with the guard. From time to time the enemy would charge; but we could hear him coming, and be ready. The guard would halt, about face, front rank with fixed bayonets kneel, rear rank fire. By the light of the flash we could see emptied saddles. His fire was wild—passing overhead—so we had few casualties, and these slight; but he was bold and enterprising, and well led—charging often right up to the bayonets. I remarked this, whereupon the Irishmen answered, “Divil thank ’em for that same!” There was no danger on the flanks. The white of the pike alone guided us. Owls could not have found their way through the fields. The face of the country has been described as a succession of rolling swells. Later, the enemy got up guns, but always fired from the summits, and the shells passed far above us—exploding in the fields. Had they been trained low, with canister, it might have proved uncomfortable, for the pike ran straight to the south. “It was a fine night, intirely, for divarsion,” said the Irishmen, with which sentiment I did not agree; but they were as steady as clocks and chirpy as crickets, indulging in many a jest whenever the attention of our *friends* behind was slackened. They had heard of Shields’s proximity, knew he was an Irishman by birth, and had Irish regiments with him. During an interlude, I was asked if it was not probable we would meet Shields, and, answering affirmatively, heard,

"Them Germans is poor creatures, but Shields's boys will be after fighting." Expressing a belief that my "boys" could match Shields's any day, I received loud assurance from half a hundred Tipperary throats, "Ye may bet yer life on that, sir!" Thus we beguiled the weary hours. During the night, I desired to relieve the rear-guard, but was diverted from my purpose by scornful howls of "We are the boys to see it out!" As Argyle's to the tartan, my heart has warmed to an Irishman since that night.

Daylight came, and I tried to brace myself for hotter work, when a body of troops was reported in position to the south of my column. This proved to be Charles Winder with his (formerly Jackson's own) brigade. This accomplished soldier and true brother-in-arms had heard the enemy's guns during the night, and, knowing I was in the rear, halted and formed line to await me. His men were rested and fed, and he insisted on taking my place in the rear, and we passed through his line. We moved slowly, with frequent halts, so as to remain near Winder, to whom the enemy was much devoted during the morning. The day was uncommonly hot, the sun like fire. Water was scarce along the road, and the men suffered greatly. Just after mid-day my brisk young aide, Hamilton, whom I had left with Winder to bring early intelligence, came to report that officer in trouble and want of assistance. My men were so jaded as to make me unwilling to retrace ground if it could be avoided; so they were ordered to form line on the crest of the slope at hand, and I went to Winder, a mile and a half to the rear. His brigade—renowned as the "Stonewall"—was deployed on both sides of the pike, on which he had four guns. Large masses of cavalry, with guns and some sharp-shooters, were pressing him closely, while far to the north clouds of dust marked the approach of troops. His line was on one of the many "swells" crossing the pike at right angles, and a gentle slope led to the next crest south, beyond which my brigade was forming. The problem was to retire without giving the enemy—eager and persistent—an opportunity to charge. The situation looked so blue that I offered to move back my command, but Winder thought he could pull through, and splendidly did he accomplish it. Regiment by regiment, gun by gun, the brigade was withdrawn,

always checking the enemy, though boldly led. Winder, cool as a professor playing the new German game, directed every movement in person. The men were worthy of him and of their first commander, Jackson. It was very close work in the vale before he reached the next crest, and heavy volleys were necessary to stay our plucky foe. Once there, my command showed so strong as to impose on the enemy, who halted to reconnoitre; and the brigades were united without further trouble. The position was good, my battery was at hand, and our men were so fatigued that we debated whether it was not more comfortable to fight than to retreat. We could hold the ground for hours against cavalry, and night would probably come before infantry got up, while retreat was certain to bring the cavalry on us. At this juncture up came General Turner Ashby, followed by a large force of horse, with guns. I think this officer had been destroying bridges in the Luray Valley, to prevent Shields from crossing that branch of the Shenandoah, and guarding Massanutten Gap. However, up he came, and to our satisfaction, to take charge of the rear. He proceeded to pay his respects to our friends, and soon took them off our hands. We remained an hour to rest the men and give Ashby time to get up his force, then moved on. Before sunset heavy clouds gathered, and the intense heat was broken by a regular down-pour, in the midst of which we crossed the bridge over the west branch of the Shenandoah, a large stream at Mount Jackson, and camped. There was not a dry thread about me. My boots would have furnished a respectable bath. We were less than ten miles from New Market, between which and this point the army was camped. Jackson was easy about Massanutten Gap. Shields must march south of the mountain to reach him, while the river just crossed was impassable except by bridge. We remained thirty-six hours in this camp—from the evening of the 2d until the morning of the 4th of June—a welcome rest to all. Two days of easy marching carried us to Harrisonburg, some thirty miles. Here Jackson quit the pike leading to Staunton, and took the road to Port Republic. This village, twelve miles southeast of Harrisonburg, lies at the base of the Blue Ridge, on the east bank of the Shenandoah. Several streams unite here to form the east (locally called south) branch of that river. The only bridge

from Front Royal south was at this point. All others had been destroyed by Ashby, to prevent Shields gaining the west bank of the river. This commander was moving south from Front Royal and Luray by the road on the east bank. On the night of June 5th the army camped three miles from Harrisonburg, toward Port Republic. Ewell's division, which I had rejoined for the first time since we met Jackson, was in the rear, and the rear brigade was General George Stewart's, composed of one Maryland and two Virginia regiments. My command was immediately in advance of Stewart. Ashby, commanding the rear-guard, had burned the bridge at Mount Jackson, to delay Fremont, and was camped, with his cavalry, in advance of and near Harrisonburg. The road to Port Republic was heavy, causing much delay to the trains, so that we did not move on the morning of the 6th. Early in the day Fremont, reënforced from Banks, got up, and his cavalry, vigorously led, pushed Ashby through Harrisonburg, when a sharp action occurred, resulting in the capture of many Federals, among others Colonel Percy Wyndham, commanding a brigade, whose meeting with Major Wheat has been described. Later, while Ewell was conversing with me, a message from Ashby took him to the rear. Federal cavalry, supported by infantry, were advancing on Ashby. Stewart's brigade was lying in a wood, under cover of which Ewell placed it in position.

A severe struggle ensued. The enemy's advance was driven back, and many prisoners taken. I had ridden back with Ewell, and so witnessed the affair—uncommonly spirited, and creditable to both sides. Colonel Kane, of Philadelphia, commanding a Pennsylvania regiment, was among the prisoners, and painfully wounded. Having known this gentleman's father, Judge Kane, as well as his brother, the arctic explorer, I solicited and obtained from Jackson his parole. The skirmishing developed into severe work, in which General Ashby was killed. Alluding to his death in an official report, Jackson says, "As a partisan officer, I never knew his superior." On the 7th of June we marched to a place four miles from Port Republic, called Cross Keys, where several roads met. Near at hand was the meeting-house of a sect of German Quakers—Tunkers or Dunkards, as they are differently named. Here Jackson determined to await and fight Fremont, who followed him hard; but, as

Shields was now unpleasantly near, he pushed on to Port Republic with Winder's and other infantry and a battery, which camped on the hither bank of the river. Jackson himself, with his staff and a cavalry escort, crossed the bridge, and passed the night in the village. Ewell, in immediate charge at Cross Keys, was ready at an early hour of the morning of June 8th, when Fremont attacked. The ground was undulating, with much wood, and no extended view could be had. In my front, the attack—if such it could be called—was feeble in the extreme—an affair of skirmishers, in which the enemy's yielded to the slightest pressure. A staff-officer of Jackson's, in hot haste, came with orders from his chief to march my brigade double-quick to Port Republic. A brigade—Elzey's, I think—was in the second line to my rear, which I requested to take my place and relieve my skirmishers. Then, advising the staff-officer to notify Ewell, whom he had not seen, we started on the run, for such a message from Jackson meant business. Two of the three intervening miles were quickly passed, when another officer appeared with orders to halt. In half an hour, during which the sound of battle at Cross Keys thickened, Jackson came. As before stated, he had passed the night in the village with his staff and mounted escort. Up, as usual, at dawn, he started alone to recross the bridge, leaving his people to follow. The bridge was a few yards below the last house of the village, and some mist overhung the river. Under cover of this, a small body of horse, with one gun, from Shields's army, had reached the east end of the bridge, and trained the gun on it. Jackson was within an ace of capture. As he spurred across, the gun was fired on him, but without effect, and the sound brought up staff and escort, when the enemy retired north. This incident occasioned the order to me. After relating it (all save his own danger), Jackson passed on to Ewell; thither I followed, to remain in reserve until the general forward movement in the afternoon, by which Fremont was driven back, with loss of prisoners. We did not persist far, as Shields was near upon us.

I learned from Ewell that there had been some pretty fighting in the morning, though less than might have been expected from Fremont's large force. I know not if the presence of this commander had a benumbing influence on his troops, but cer-

tainly his advanced cavalry and infantry had proved bold and enterprising. In the evening I moved to the river and camped. Winder's and other brigades crossed the bridge, and, during the night, Ewell with most of the army drew near, leaving Trimball's brigade with the cavalry at Cross Keys. No one apprehended another advance by Fremont. The following morning—Sunday, 9th of June—my command passed the bridge, moved several hundred yards down the road, and halted. Our trains had gone east over the Blue Ridge.

The sun appeared above the mountain, while the men were quietly breakfasting. Suddenly, from below, was heard the din of battle—loud and sustained—artillery and small-arms. The men sprang to their arms, formed column, and marched. I galloped forward a short mile to see the following scene: From the mountain, clothed to its base with undergrowth and timber, a level plain, clear, open, and smooth, extended to the river. This plain was some thousand yards in width. A half-mile north was a gorge, through which flowed a small stream, cutting the mountain at a right angle. The northern shoulder of this gorge projected farther into the plain than the southern, and on an elevated plateau of the shoulder were placed six guns, sweeping every inch of the plain to the south. Three lines of the enemy, at intervals, their right touching the river, were advancing steadily, with banners flying and arms gleaming in the sun. A gallant show—they came on. Winder's and another brigade, with two batteries, alone opposed them. This small force was suffering cruelly, and its skirmishers were driven in on their thin supporting line. As my Irishmen predicted, "Shields's boys were after fighting." Below, Ewell was hurrying his men over the bridge, but it looked as if we should be doubled up on him ere he could cross and develop much strength. Jackson was on the road a little in advance of his line, where the fire was hottest, with reins on his horse's neck, seemingly in prayer. Attracted by my approach, he said in his usual low voice, "Delightful excitement." I replied it was pleasant to learn he was enjoying himself, but thought he might have an indigestion of such fun if the six-gun battery was not silenced. He summoned a young officer from his staff, and pointed up the mountain. The head of my approaching column was turned short up the slope, and speedily came to a path running parallel

with the river. We took this path, the guide leading the way. From him I learned that the plateau occupied by the battery had been used for a charcoal-kiln, and the path we were following, made by the burners in hauling wood, came upon the gorge opposite the battery. Moving briskly, we reached the hither side of the gorge, a few yards from the battery. Several regiments were posted near, and riflemen were in the undergrowth on the slope above. Our approach, masked by timber, was unsuspected. The battery was firing rapidly, enabled from its elevation to fire over the advancing lines. The head of my column was deploying, under cover, for attack, when the fire to our rear appeared to recede, and a loud Federal cheer was heard, proving Jackson to be hard pressed. It was rather an anxious moment, demanding instant action. Leaving a staff-officer to direct my rear regiment, the Seventh Louisiana, Colonel Harry Hays, to form in the wood as a reserve, and halt, I ordered the attack. With a rush and shout the gorge was passed, and we were in the battery. Surprise had aided us, but the enemy's infantry rallied in a moment, and drove us out. We returned, to be driven out the second time. The riflemen above worried us no little. Two companies of the Ninth Louisiana were sent up the gorge to gain ground above them and dislodge them, which was accomplished. The fighting in and around the battery was hand-to-hand. Many fell from bayonet-wounds. Even the artillerymen used their rammers in a way not laid down in the "Manual," and died at their guns. As Conan said to the devil, "'Twas claw for claw." I called for Hays, but he, the promptest of men, and his splendid regiment, could not be found. Something unexpected had occurred, but there was little time for speculation. With a desperate rally, in which, I believe, the drummer-boys shared, we carried the battery for the third time, and held it. The riflemen above had been driven off, and we began to feel a little comfortable, when the rear line of the enemy, attracted by our attack, appeared. They had countermarched, and, with their left near the river, came into full view of our situation. Wheeling to their right, with colors advanced, like a solid wall they marched straight upon us. There seemed nothing left but to set our backs to the mountain and die hard. At the instant, crashing through the underwood,

came Ewell, outriding staff and escort. He secured a reënforcement, and was welcomed with cheers. The line before us halted, and threw forward skirmishers. A moment later, a shell came shrieking along it. Loud Confederate shouts reached our delighted ears; and Jackson, freed from his toils, came like a whirlwind, the enemy in rapid retreat. We turned the captured guns on them as they passed, Ewell himself serving as a gunner. Though rapid, the retreat never became a rout. Fortune had refused her smiles, but Shields and his brave command preserved their organization, and were formidable to the last.

Whether the difference between his force and Fremont's was of men or commanders, I leave others to decide. Jackson came up with intense light in his eyes, grasped my hand, and said the brigade should have the captured battery. I thought the men would go mad with cheering, especially the Irishmen. A huge fellow, with one eye closed and half his whiskers burned by the explosion of powder, was riding "cock-horse," on a gun, and, catching my attention, yelled out, "Didn't we tell ye to bet on your boys?" Their success against brother Patlanders seemed doubly welcome. Strange people, these Irish! Fighting every one's battles, and cheerfully taking the hot end of the poker, they are only found wanting when engaged in what they believe to be their national cause. Excepting their defense of Limerick under the brilliant Sarsfield, I recall no domestic struggle in which they have shown their worth.

While Jackson pursued Shields—without much effect, as his cavalry, left in front of Fremont, could not get over till late—we attended to the wounded and performed the last offices to the dead—our own and the Federal. I have never seen so many dead and wounded in the same limited space. A large farmhouse on the plain, opposite the mouth of the gorge, was converted into a hospital. Ere long, my lost Seventh Regiment—sadly cut up—rejoined. This regiment was in rear of the column when we left Jackson, to gain the path in the wood, and before it filed out of the road, his thin line was so pressed that Jackson ordered Hays to stop the enemy's rush. This was done, for the Seventh would have stopped a herd of elephants, but at a fearful cost. Colonel Harry Hays was severely wounded among many others. Many hours passed in discharge of our sad duties to

wounded and dead, during which Fremont appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and opened his guns, but observing, doubtless, our occupation, ceased his fire, and after a time withdrew. It may be added here that Jackson had caused such alarm to Washington as to start Milroy, Fremont, Banks, and Shields, toward that capital, and the great Valley was cleared of the enemy. We passed the night high up the mountain, where we moved to reach our commissary-wagons. A cold rain was falling before we found them. Every one was tired and famished, and I rather took it out of the train-master for pushing so far up, although I had lunched comfortably from the haversack of a dead Federal. It is not pleasant to think of now, but war *is* a little hardening. On the 12th of June the army moved down to the river, above Port Republic, where the Valley was wide, with many trees—no enemy to worry or make us afraid. Here closed Jackson's wonderful Valley campaign in 1862. My brigade marched from its camp near Conrad's Store to join Jackson at New Market on the 21st of May. In twenty days it marched two hundred miles, fought in five actions, of which three were severe, and several skirmishes, and, though it had suffered heavy loss in officers and men, was yet strong, hard as nails, and "fit" like a game-cock.

I have felt it a duty to set forth the achievements of the "Louisiana Brigade," than which no man ever led braver into action, in their proper light, because such reputation as I gained in the war is to be ascribed to its excellence, not to my own merit.

On the second day in this camp, General Winder came to me and said he had asked leave to go to Richmond, been refused, and had resigned. He commanded Jackson's old brigade, and was aggrieved by some unjust interference. Holding Winder in high esteem, I hoped to save him to the army, and went to Jackson, to whose magnanimity I appealed. To arouse this, I dwelt on the rich harvest of glory he had reaped in his brilliant campaign, and, observing him closely, caught a glimpse of the man's inner nature. It was but a glimpse. The curtain closed, and he was absorbed in prayer. Yet, in that moment, I saw an ambition, boundless as Cromwell's, and as merciless. No reply was made to my effort for Winder, and I rose to take my leave. Jackson said he would ride with me, and we passed,

silently, along the way to my camp, where he left me. That night, I received a few lines from Winder, in which it was stated Jackson had called on him, and his resignation was withdrawn.

A few days later we marched to Cold Harbor, where we were absorbed in the larger army operating against McClellan, and I saw but little of Jackson. I have written that he was ambitious; and his ambition was vast, all-absorbing. As the unhappy wretch from whose shoulders sprang the foul serpent, he loathed it, perhaps feared it, but he could not escape it—it was himself; nor rend it—it was his own flesh. He fought it with prayer, constant and earnest—Apollyon and Christian in ceaseless combat. What limit to set to his ability I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to estimate him because of his peculiarities—peculiarities that would have made a lesser man absurd, but that served to enhance his martial fame, as those of Samuel Johnson his literary eminence.

He once observed, in reply to an allusion to his severe marching, that it was better to lose one man in marching than five in fighting; and, acting on this, he invariably surprised the enemy—Milroy at McDowell, Banks, Fremont, and Shields, in the Valley, McClellan's right at Cold Harbor, Pope at second Manassas.

Fortunate in his death, he fell at the summit of glory, before the sun of the Confederacy had set; ere defeat, and suffering, and selfishness, could turn their fangs upon him. As one man, the South wept for him; foreign nations shared the grief; even Federals praised him. With Wolfe, and Nelson, and Havelock, he took his place in the hearts of English-speaking peoples.

In the early years of this century, a great battle was fought on the plains of the Danube. A determined charge on the Austrian centre gained the victory for France. The courage and example of a private soldier who there fell, contributed much to the success of the charge. Ever after, at the parades of his battalion, the name of Latour d'Auvergne was first called, when the oldest sergeant stepped to the front and answered, "Died on the field of honor." In Valhalla, beyond the grave, where spirits of warriors assemble, when, on the roll of heroes, the name of Jackson is reached, it will be for the majestic shade of Lee to pronounce the highest eulogy known to our race—*died on the field of duty.*

RICHARD TAYLOR.